THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

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A William Fox Production. *The Man Without A Country.*

ANNE BISSELL PLEADS WITH LIEUT. NOLAN TO REMAIN LOYAL TO HIS COUNTRY.

The Man Without A Country

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

ILLUSTRATED WITH SCENES
FROM THE WILLIAM FOX
SCREEN GLORIFICATION
OF THIS IMMORTAL CLASSIC
A ROLAND V. LEE
PRODUCTION

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE

From "The Encyclopædia Britannica" and "The World Book"

Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston, April 3, 1822. He was the son of Nathan Hale, first editor of The Boston Advertiser, and a grandnephew of Nathan Hale, the martyr spy who has become famous in American history for his saying "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Hale was graduated from Harvard in 1839 and became a pastor of a Unitarian church in Worcester, Massachusetts. At the same time he was a voluminous contributor to the newspa-

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pers and magazines. His forceful personality, organizing genius, and liberal practical theology, together with his deep interest in the anti-slavery movement (especially in Kansas), in popular education (especially Chautauqua work), and in the workingman's home, were active in raising the tone of American life for half a century.

He first came into notice as a writer in 1859, when he contributed the short story "My Double and How He Undid Me" to the Atlantic Magazine. "The Man Without a Country," first published in 1863, did much to strengthen the Union cause in the North. The story "Ten Times One Is One" (1870) with its motto, "Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand," led

to the formation among young men of many "Lend a Hand Clubs," and other charitable organizations. Similarly out of his romantic story "In His Name" (1873) there grew up many organizations for religious work such as the "King's Daughters" and the "King's Sons."

In all Hale was the author of more than sixty books—fiction, travel, sermons, biography, and history. For the last six years of his life he was chaplain of the United States Senate and was a notable figure at the nation's capital during that time. He was past eighty-seven years of age when he died on June 10, 1909.

Men Who Served in the World War Built This Great Screen Classic

An interesting fact in connection with the production of "The Man Without a Country" is that nearly all of the members of the organization that built this great screen classic—from the director down to the extras—were in military service during the World War. Rowland V. Lee, Director, and Earle Metcalf, were lieutenants in the American Army. Colonel J. G. Magee, technical director, was a colonel in the Australian Army. G. A. MacDonald in charge of the wardrobe was a captain in the Canadian forces. Frank Constance was an officer in the Belgium service, Herbert Blews is the only member of the company who was a buck private, and he was a bugler in the Canadian Army, which is something of a distinction. Richard Tucker, who plays "Aaron Burr," was a major in the American service, and was with the 4th Infantry on his first assignment. This is the regiment that is pictured in "The Man Without a Country," and one of the few regiments that has kept its traditions and colors intact since the Revolutionary days.

The Man Without a Country

THE HIGH PEAK OF CINEMA ART

THERE is a great surprise coming to the motion picture theater-goers of the world with the presentation of the William Fox production of "The Man Without a Country."

Never before has there been a finer piece of film drama than this and never has there been a film possessing greater appeal to people of all classes. It is one of those remarkable photoplays which simply carries its spectators away with it.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

It is just sixty-one years ago that the little classic of fiction "The Man Without a Country" was given to the world by Edward Everett Hale. The story was published at that critical period during the Civil War when prominent and influential men were openly condemning Abraham Lincoln and demanding that the war be brought to an indecisive termination. The publication of this story is believed to have aided Lincoln in carrying on the war to a victorious end. The story is said to have had as great an influence as "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

More than a million copies of the story were printed and sold within a year following its publication, and now this little story has gone around the world. In America it had thrilled first

one generation, then another. In England the story is said to have been even more widely read than in America. It has been translated into virtually every language. Prior to the World War, the Germans adapted the story to fit their own ideas of patriotism and published it anonymously. Upon Italy's entrance into the World War in 1917, the Italian Government printed and distributed three million copies of the story to its people.

The story is a simple one, but in it is the spirit of America concisely and clearly put, the essence of America's great contribution to world civilization. In a fit of passion a man curses his flag and renounces his nation thereby, and there comes upon him a great darkness of soul thereafter, and he finds that

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there are no lights to guide. A long and empty lifetime remains to him in which to mourn the thing he lost.

The William Fox production of "The Man Without a Country" is more than a faithful picturization of Dr. Hale's classic in that, for dramatic reasons, it introduces the beautiful character of the faithful Anne Bissell who, because of her love for Nolan, "The Man Without a Country," devotes her life in an effort to have the impetuous Nolan released from his unusual sentence. A more beautiful love story has never been translated to the screen.

Since the early days of his career as a producer of motion pictures, Mr. Fox has contemplated bringing to the screen a worthy visualization of Dr. Hale's story, but he has kept this ambition in

restraint because of his desire to treat this story as it could not have been treated when the development of cinematography was only just begun, and when its perfection had not reached that stage when motion pictures could be produced with fine technique.

To-day, Mr. Fox gives the world not only a rarely beautiful piece of cinema art, but one of the finest dramatic efforts ever seen on the screen. Nothing has been spared in making the picture the triumph that it is.

"The Man Without a Country" is probably the most widely read story ever published in America. The story is utilized as a subject in every school in America. It is difficult to find an American citizen who has not read this unique piece of literature. It is sim-

ply written into the hearts of American people. It is the All-American classic.

The number of authentic historical characters and incidents in the story have given the producer an excellent opportunity to visualize many of the high lights in the development of a great country.

The story goes back to the duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, when the popular Hamilton received the fatal charge from Burr's pistol. The duel was fought at Weehawken Heights across the Hudson from Manhattan Island. Hamilton had served his country as Secretary of the Treasury. Burr had served as Vice-President of the United States and was one of the founders of Tammany Hall.

Following his duel with Hamilton, a bitterness arose against Burr and he began his expedition to the southwest, where he designed to set up a government of his own.

It was on this expedition that he met Dr. Hale's character, Nolan, a gay, dashing young officer of "The Legion of the West," as the Western division of the Army was known in those days. The meeting was supposed to have taken place at Fort Massac, Ohio, a frontier Post on the Ohio River. Nolan, impressed by the fascinating Burr, fell under the sway of the latter, and it was his announced intention to join him in his conspiracy. In the course of a court martial proceedings, Nolan in a fit of frenzy denounced his country, saying: "Damn the United

States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again," and from that moment until his death he was "The Man Without a Country."

To portray the rôle Nolan, Mr. Fox chose well when he selected Edward Hearn, for Mr. Hearn's portrayal is so excellently done that it will be classed as one of the greatest pieces of screen acting not only of the year, but in the history of motion pictures. Pauline Starke rises to great dramatic heights in the part of Anne Bissell. A more beautiful character has never been found in fiction or fact. Miss Starke's work is equally effective as the happy, romantic belle of the Army Post as in her later appearances when she is presenting her plea to ten successive presidents in the White House and at last

winning a pardon for the man she loves.

There are numerous splendid characterizations including those of three presidents of the United States, and several historical characters. Aaron Burr is splendidly portrayed by Richard Tucker. Lincoln is characterized by George Billings, who has given his life to screen and stage portrayals of the great emancipator. Mr. Billings, to begin with, possesses an unusual physical resemblance to the Civil War President, so close in fact that scarcely any makeup is required for his impersonation. Mr. Billings has long been a student of Lincoln and has absorbed his homely philosophy, and it required but little effort on his part to enter into the atmosphere and mood required by his work. The rôle of President Jefferson

is competently handled by Albert Hart. He gives a very sympathetic interpretation of a difficult rôle. The characterization of President Monroe has been entrusted to Emmett King, who does thorough justice to this character.

Although the Fox production of "The Man Without a Country" is perhaps the greatest inspirational picture ever offered to the public, it is at the same time a picture of highest entertainment value. It has every element needed for the construction of a film masterpiece.

Expect something truly fine in the Fox production of "The Man Without a Country." You will not be disappointed.

THERE WAS A REAL PHILIP NOLAN

Although Edward Everett Hale sought to give his countryless man a name that had never been used, it was revealed following the publication of "The Man Without a Country" that there had been a real Philip Nolan and that the Nolan-in-fact had played a prominent part in the history of Texas.

The real Nolan was killed by a Spanish governor at Waco, Texas, in 1801, and his assassination caused a wave of indignation against the Spaniards in the Southwest, which ended in the independence of Texas.

So finely drawn was Hale's fictitious

character of Philip Nolan that following the publication of the story the author received many letters from persons who declared that they had known the mythical character. A sailor wrote that he had met Nolan at sea.

Interest aroused in the Nolan character prompted the author to make a trip to the Southwest several years after the publication of "The Man Without a Country" in search of facts concerning the life of the real Philip Nolan. These afterwards were published in a story called, "Philip Nolan and His Friends."

"The Man Without a Country" as a piece of literature is entirely without foundation of fact, although the author used many historical incidents for purposes of weaving the story together.

ROWLAND V. LEE

Director of "The Man Without a Country"

He is a serene but virile young American. His ancestors came to America in 1632. In the World War he was in combat on five fronts and fell seriously wounded while fighting on the Somme. His brother, Robert N. Lee, who wrote the screen adaptation of "The Man Without a Country," was with Joyce Kilmer when that beloved young author of "Trees" and other poems, made the supreme sacrifice.

Before the war, Rowland V. Lee was an actor. He was born in Findlay, Ohio, but his first recollections are of the Oranges in New Jersey, where he

spent his childhood. Later he lived in New York and is proud of his football record at De Witt Clinton High School, and his success there in amateur theatricals. He attended Columbia University and from there stepped into a stage career, which he forsook for the movies while playing the juvenile lead in Belasco's "Seven Chances."

The scene now shifts to Hollywood, where Lee entered the realm of the silver screen as a featured player.

His screen career was scarcely begun when he was called to war. He entered as a buck private and was commissioned at the front. After the Armistice he was assigned to the Committee on Public Information with the specific task of distributing the film "Smiles" to the A.E.F.

Returning to the United States in the summer of 1919, he resumed his film career. He was offered a contract to star or direct and he signed as a director. His first efforts were the directing of sea stories. Two years ago he joined the William Fox staff of directors. At the completion of "The Man Without a Country" he was married to Miss Eleanor Worthington of Hollywood, and they sailed away for a three months' honeymoon abroad. Because of his first-hand knowledge of the war, he has been chosen to direct "Havoc," the famous war play. While abroad he spent six weeks backtracking the A.E.F. and gathering "atmosphere" for the new picture, already in the preliminaries of production.

THE WOMAN'S SIDE OF THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

For more than a decade now literature and the screen have been conducting a Leap Year courtship. To literature there falls the rôle of the benign old bachelor, calm, phlegmatic, set in his ways, adamant in his types and type —vainly trying to resist the siren's lure. Younger by many centuries, the screen is doing the wooing; and unless all signs are amiss the courtship will end in a closer union of the printed word and the moving picture.

Fundamentally, it is a logical joining of interests, aims and services. Each, in its way, is potent to help and

inspire mankind. Each can serve the other.

With a certain similarity of objectives, there is still sufficient difference of characteristics to provide a stimulating contrast other than the one supplied by the discrepancy of ages.

Each has its own peculiar facilities to entertain and perpetuate. In providing adequate character motivation through conversation, in furnishing a ready convenience at any time and any place, in providing a medium of expression open to every one, the printed word holds a supremacy that can never be questioned.

There are so many respects, however, in which an actual reproduction of a scene can make a more memorable and lasting imprint, can cover a broader

scope and give a clearer comprehension —that the screen has etched a permanent place for itself among the arts.

All the details of a cocked hat, the broad vista of a battle scene and the punctilious conventions of another age are points that the printed word might have to explain to boresome length to convey the proper impression to the reader, but which the moving picture can impart in one flash.

Here the screen finds a field in which it has no rival; and because it does possess these properties to supplement the printed word, its permanence is assured.

So it comes to pass that many a notable work of fiction still enhances its values for entertaining when it is transferred to the screen. So it is that Ed-

ward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country," as produced by William Fox, is being hailed as a masterpiece.

Despite the fact that this 50-year-old novelette is known by name in almost every home in America, its full possibilities have only been fathomed by the motion picture. The half century exile of Lieutenant Nolan, without ever hearing of home and country, was presented vividly enough in print. Terse, almost official in its crisp passages, the book gave an adequate description of the years of agony that paid for one rash moment, as far as the man was concerned.

But how about the others?

It tells of the tortures Lieutenant Nolan suffered in being separated from

all he had ever loved; but it never gives an inkling of how *they* reacted to the endless years of sorrow.

This is the story that the picture has tried to supply. "The Man Without a Country," as directed by Rowland V. Lee, tells the poignant tragedy of Lieutenant Nolan, a figure vividly portrayed by Edward Hearn. It duplicates the notable characters of the story by presenting Albert Hart as Thomas Jefferson, Emmett King as James Monroe, George Billings as Abraham Lincoln, Richard Tucker as Aaron Burr and Edward Martindel as Admiral Stephen Decatur.

But the picture goes beyond the external tragedy of the man into the deep, inner sorrow of those who loved him. It humanizes the tragedy by piercing

beyond the official documents into the lives and trials of doting women. It visualizes their romance and subsequent pathos and loyalty.

The book has told the story of Lieutenant Nolan. The picture does that and more. Primarily it is the glorified eulogy of the waiting heart—an inspiring testament of a woman's fifty-year-old faith that never loses hope and attains its goal even while death waits.

And that story—written for the first time for picture purposes—is told herewith.

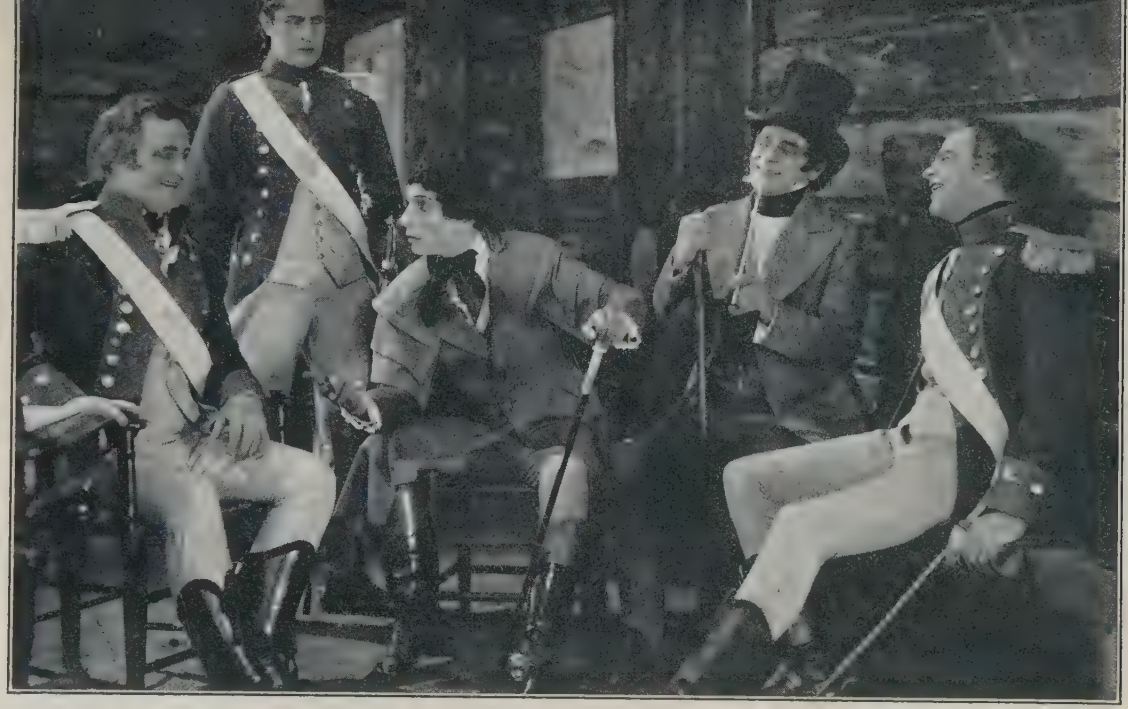
Anne Bissell was the daughter of that stern old martinet, veteran of the War of Independence, who found himself in command of Fort Massac in 1806. To the average girl life in a fort

on the Ohio, the farthest outpost of civilization into Indian territory, might have been a monotonous hardship; but Anne was cast from a different mold.

To a smiling face, topped by chestnut hair, and a charming, girlish figure, Anne added the distinct asset of character. It was the frontier mold that could give as well as ask, endure as well as inflict and suffer if need be.

Anne had a set purpose in life and gradually that purpose became crystallized in Lieutenant Nolan.

He was twenty-one and handsome. Anne considered his good looks and went beyond it to look into his goodness. She did not find him wanting. He came from a stalwart line. His father had died in the service of the Conti-



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ARMY HEADQUARTERS AT FORT MASSAC, OHIO, IN 1806.

nental Army and Nolan, apparently, inherited all his manly traits.

Anne had a chance to see his life intimately, for the garrison at the fort was a small one. If Mrs. Nolan's gray hairs were tinged with devotion to her son, Philip, in turn, showered every filial affection upon his mother. It was inspiring to see a soldier and officer who did not forget that he could, at the same time, be a loving son.

Anne knew that Nolan was in love with her long before that afternoon under the elms bordering the Ohio when he falteringly declared himself.

They say a great deal about a woman's uncertainty of mind at such a time; but Anne never had a moment's doubt. She said: "Yes, Philip," with

the same assurance with which she gave orders to the colored maid in the commandant's cabin. Here was her ideal of man. She had probed his soul and found that it met every test.

Words would be inadequate to express the happiness of the months that intervened before the wedding was to take place. By every one who knew them they were described as an ideal couple if one ever existed.

The cup of bliss was filled to the rim; and at the very moment when happiness seemed about to overflow a blow came from the most unexpected quarter to shatter it into fragments.

They had heard of Aaron Burr, resigned vice-president of the United States, at the frontier post, and had received vague rumors of his project to

found a new empire in the West. Some had even gone so far as to castigate him as a "traitor," only to be sharply reprimanded by the commandant who deplored the use of such an epithet against any one who had ever held the office of vice-president.

Aaron Burr, making a leisurely way down the Ohio, arrived at Fort Massac, to be royally received. The commandant ordered a salute and a ball in his honor, quite unaware that at the very same moment President Jefferson at Washington was signing a proclamation pronouncing Burr an outlaw and declaring it unlawful for any one to join him in his venture.

In Burr's selfish scheme Nolan was a pawn. The glib politician cast a halo of words around himself and his proj-

ect that appealed to the chauvinistic strain in the younger man and hypnotized him.

Burr painted himself as a martyr, the victim of professional politicians who would stop at nothing to encompass his ruin. He drew, by contrast, a roseate vision of the empire he would found—a realm where all men would be equal, where kitchen cabinet politics would be unknown and where the laws would be consecrated in justice.

For the silvery eloquence of this experienced statesman Nolan was a gullible victim. If any further tie were needed it was Burr's final admonition after Nolan had committed himself to the enterprise:

"Remember, Lieutenant, that every true cause is attacked. I depend upon

you to refute malicious lies concerning our mission."

What further charm was needed to mesmerize any young man of idealistic visions than this plea to act as the defender of a persecuted martyr?

All of this Anne heard from Nolan's own lips. So skilfully had Burr woven his spell that Nolan himself convinced her of the innocence of Burr's aims. She was a woman in love, Burr had not yet been publicly branded a traitor and the vision Nolan drew of the new empire was sufficiently alluring to sway any woman.

There was only one doubt in her mind: would it be fair to rear any children they might have under another flag?

She saw the pain that her lack of

confidence caused him, and hastened to withdraw the question. Blindly, devotedly in love, she pledged her unquestioning fidelity.

"I'll go with you—anywhere," she promised.

The next day—two days after Burr's departure—the bombshell exploded. The President's courier arrived with the proclamation denouncing Burr and his enterprise and urging immediate disavowal on the part of those who had associated themselves with him.

Quite ignorant of the fact that his idol was being arrested at a point farther down the river, Nolan saw only the sanctity of martyrdom and reiterated his faith in Burr. He offered his resignation as atonement only to be told bluntly that it was too late for him

to resign and that he could consider himself under arrest.

The impetuous young officer faced court martial with the same air of persecuted martyrdom that had characterized his entire devotion to this unworthy ideal.

Colonel Morgan, the presiding officer, reflected the attitude of the court. He was anxious to whitewash a man who was the son of such gallant parents and who had himself established, up to that moment, an unblemished record as a soldier.

Had it not been for Lieutenant Riddle, the prosecuting officer, Nolan would in all probability have been acquitted through lack of evidence to the contrary; but Lieutenant Riddle was relentless. He pointed out that Nolan

had never once, throughout the trial, offered to deny his association with Burr or reaffirm his allegiance to the United States. To Nolan, suffering the tortures of a hereafter in seeing the man he idolized publicly vilified, Lieutenant Riddle's scathing denunciation of Burr was excruciating. It drove him to the point of madness so that when the military prosecutor wound up a long peroration with: "I'll tell you what he (Nolan) thinks of the United States," Philip interrupted.

Infuriated by what he regarded as political injustice, he faced his judges.

"I'll tell you myself," he shouted, throwing away a life's happiness in one impetuous moment, "Damn the United States. I wish I may never see the United States again."

The court retired to deliberate. When it reported, Philip found that his wish had been granted. He was sentenced never to hear the name of the United States again. The following day he was sent to New Orleans to board the U. S. S. *Essex* for an indefinite cruise at sea. The orders were that he was to be treated as a guest but that throughout his stay he was never, by spoken or printed word, to hear of the United States again.

All of this news reached Anne by mouthfuls, second hand. Where others condemned offhand, she tempered judgment with love and mercy because she knew her man. She was aware of the abiding faith that had made him sacrifice everything to a mistaken duty. She realized the impetuous nature, the

warm devotion of the boy who had exchanged fame for folly.

That his entire life should not follow this lost fame into oblivion was to be her aim in the future. A woman of weaker mettle might have melted before the flame of outraged public opinion; but Anne was sustained by her deep insight into Nolan's character and her own abiding love.

Shortly after Nolan's exile one of the subalterns at the post, who had occasionally acted as her escort, proposed marriage to her as he was saying good night at the cabin door.

"Your name is linked with that of a traitor," he urged. "Marriage with me would wipe out that stain."

Anne slammed the door in his face and never saw him alone again.

In the hours of deepest despair, Anne had one unfailing companion, Nolan's mother. Like Anne, she understood.

Together these two women tried to comfort each other. They painted an optimistic vision of the day of Philip's return and fortified themselves against the curious stares of neighbors and the despondency of weakening hopes by promising each other that an hour of vindication was in store.

They wrote to Nolan constantly and worried over their failure to receive a single word of or from him in reply. How were they to know that the commanding officer of the *Essex,* in strict accordance with his instructions, had destroyed every letter addressed to Lieutenant Philip Nolan as soon as it reached the ship?

Something of the true reason for Nolan's failure to reply must have penetrated Anne's consciousness as time passed on; but her abiding faith stood by her. Every week her letter left Fort Massac and with each missive was the silent prayer that one of these messengers of love would reach its destination.

A year after Nolan's exile, Colonel Bissell received word that he was to be transferred to Fort Moultrie at Charleston, South Carolina. It was understood between them that Mrs. Nolan would go wherever they went; and Anne ran over to convey the news to her mother.

"Father is to be transferred to Fort Moultrie at Charleston and you're coming with us," she announced and

added longingly, "We'll be nearer to him."

There was poignant irony in the fact that neither of them had had the slightest idea, for months, of just where Nolan was.

There followed anguished days of waiting, until agony and waiting alike became routine.

Every night Mrs. Nolan lighted her candle in the bay window of their home as a guide to the boy who might return.

The coincidence of it all was that, after more than a year at sea, the *Essex* was actually forced to put in at Charleston because of a severe storm. The mother who had suffered endlessly for this opportunity was destined never to know of it.

She passed out painlessly about a

week before the *Essex* made her unexpected port. Anne, coming downstairs late in the evening to bring her to bed, found her cuddled up in the chair. Her hands were clasped as if in prayer and a sweet smile consecrated her face. It was as if she knew that the *Essex* was coming in on flood tide.

Eight days later Charleston was awakened to the knowledge that the *Essex* had docked in the harbor.

To Anne the news was stupefying! The opportunity had arrived at last! The realization of the sad news she would have to impart was mellowed by the joy of seeing Nolan again, of proving her love and convincing him that an order for his release would soon be signed.

Never did a joyous mood shatter on such rugged rocks.

Anne loaded a basket of fruit and flowers and ran to the dock. A pompous figure, not unkindly in appearance, but weighed down by official duties, was striding the gangplank.

"Could you give me any information about Lieutenant Nolan who was confined to the *Essex?*" Anne asked quite unaware that she was speaking to the commanding officer.

The braided figure eyed her appraisingly. For a moment he wavered before her pleading gaze, and then the habit of ironclad duty regained its sway.

"I never heard of a Lieutenant Nolan in the Navy," he answered urbanely.

The dashing of all her hopes was too sudden to be dismissed without another effort.

"You must know something of him," Anne pleaded.

"I am truly sorry, but I can think of no way to help you," was his evasive reply. He turned and walked away. At first Anne thought his brusqueness discourtesy; but his studied manner dispelled the thought. There was something he knew that he couldn't say—and the mere thought of hurting her had hurt him, only his naval pride refused to allow him to show it.

If he had turned his back on her to give her an opportunity she would not throw such kindness away. Quickly she ran up the gangplank to where a middle-aged cabin boy, with straw hat

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AARON BURR CONGRATULATES LIEUT. NOLAN UPON HIS BETROTHAL TO ANNE BISSELL.

and bow ribbons was seated on the railing. He was chubby and harmless. Furthermore, he looked kind.

"Isn't there some one on this ship who is heartsick and homesick—some one who would like this basket?" she asked, as she thrust it into dazed hands.

Without waiting for a reply Anne turned and ran away to hide her tears. In that brief encounter her lover's loneliness had been impressed upon her more vividly than she had ever dared to picture it. It strengthened her in her determination to carry the fight to Washington again and seek a hearing before the President if necessary.

In this one instance, however, her plan worked better than she knew or than she would ever know. Peter's dull mind grasped the fact that this basket

was for the lonely officer in the hold, whose personal attendant he was.

The fruit and flowers alone had to convey their silent message, for Peter was speechless by official orders.

"A beautiful lady asked me to give this to some one who was heartsick and homesick," he explained.

Nolan's parched lips sought the unspoken connection.

"What did she say, Peter?"

The pleading lips were irresistible.

"She said that—"

There he stopped, overwhelmed by the tyranny of orders that had been impressed by every man on that ship for more than a year.

"Oh, she spoke in some foreign language and I couldn't understand a word of it," he answered blithely.

His lumpy form jogged along the passageway outside, leaving behind it a soul crushed and dispirited by another rebuff at a moment when hope seemed to be dawning on his clouded horizon.

The trail to the White House was weary and discouraging. Anne tried every department, from the War Office to the State, from Representative to Senator, for eighteen years only to be met by the non-committal reply that nothing could be done.

Finally she appealed to President James Monroe and gained an audience. The father of the imperishable doctrine was impressed by the sincerity of her plea and felt that she was entitled to a hearing; but after he had listened to her story his face closed like a mask.

"I've tried every department," Anne

urged in presenting her case, "and you're the only one who can help me."

He asked her to return in the afternoon after he had had time to investigate.

"I'm sorry, Miss Bissell, but we have been unable to find the slightest reference to Nolan."

President Monroe was telling the absolute truth, because all records in the case had been destroyed when the British captured and burned Washington during the War of 1812. To all official purposes such a person as Lieutenant Nolan didn't exist, although Anne might know that he was a heartbroken exile serving a life sentence on some unknown ship at sea.

"But I know he is alive—I was engaged to marry him," she argued. "I

have proof that he was made a prisoner on the *Essex* eighteen years ago."

As she saw the presidential brow cloud she added:

"Mr. President, if you will only sign the pardon I will see that he gets it—and will bring him to you."

President Monroe's answer was businesslike, although not unkindly. He was performing the duties of his office, as he saw it.

"The case is absolutely without precedent—and I am helpless."

He saw a middle-aged woman walk despondently out of his office, fighting to hold up her head until the ebbing courage had revived sufficiently to continue the battle on a later day.

The story of Anne's interview with President Monroe is a story that could

be told, with slight variations, in her appeals, either by letter or in person, to every one of the chief executives in the presidential chair for forty years. There had been ten in all between the time that Thomas Jefferson signed the order committing Lieutenant Nolan to maritime exile and that Abraham Lincoln entered the White House and Civil War was declared.

Anne—the name sounds out of place now—was a gray-haired woman of the seventies when she made her final despairing appeal to Abraham Lincoln. "Big Heart," the White House attendants had called him; and to this man of the Kentucky frontier she poured out her plea for the wandering soul of whom she had had no direct news for fifty odd years.

As she told of her endless, fruitless struggles, of the bitter atonement that the man must have made, Lincoln bowed his head before the unswerving faith and devotion of this worn woman.

He had heard her story in written form; but the words, as they came from her lips, vivified the tragedy as no penned line could have done.

"If I should pardon Lieutenant Nolan, do you think he would come back to you?" he asked gently.

"Oh, I know he would," replied this seventy-year-old girl, who had only her blind faith as proof that the man whose freedom she sought was still alive.

Lincoln wrote out a message in his laborious hand and summoned an attendant.

"See that this is delivered to Captain Danforth on the *Corvette Levant* at the earliest possible moment."

To the bowed figure before him he offered no explanation. None was necessary for every gesture told her that the order just signed had been for her lover's pardon and release.

After she had passed out of the chamber, Lincoln turned reflectively to an aide at his side.

"If all mankind were endowed with love like hers, there would be no such thing as war," was his tribute.

The concluding paragraphs should really be written under the heading of "Orders That Never Reached Him."

When the *Corvette Levant* reached its northern port Anne Bissell was waiting at the dock. She had been

there for hours since dawn, a tragically beautiful figure, looking through wistful eyes across the blue waters, with only her blind faith to tell her that a few hours would see Nolan on his way home.

They found her there several hours later, hunched up against a pillar of the dock, sleeping peacefully and worn out with cold and fatigue. The weary heart, its mission ended, had broken at last.

She carried with her the gorgeous knowledge of triumph that her mission had not been in vain and that eternal love had vindicated itself.

She was spared the knowledge that had she waited at the pier for the *Corvette Levant* to dock, she would have waited in vain.

Lieutenant Nolan passed out within a day after the order of pardon and release reached his ship.

A bowed, gray-haired man, deeply imbued with a love of the country he had heard no word of for fifty years, he was ready to make his last atonement the day the pardon reached the ship.

He had never known a day's ill health and when he kept to his room they suspected that his case was serious.

Captain Danforth went personally to attend to his comfort. One glance at the ailing man made him realize how serious his condition was and caused him to throw all military orders overboard. In the brief half hour of consciousness that followed he told the exile of all that had happened to the United States in the last half century,

of the growth of States, the names of presidents, the increase of the Navy and the population—sparing him only the knowledge of the Civil War.

At the moment when the narrative had reached its end and the aged exile had exhausted his endurance, the courier arrived with the pardon from the White House.

"Big Heart," Captain Danforth had called Lincoln. As he fingered the pardon, Nolan's eyes moistened in fond recollection of the name.

"Did you ever hear of Anne Bissell?" he had asked.

"Her story is known to every one. She has spent a whole lifetime in a ceaseless effort to free you. She's an old lady now."

"Old? Yes—to you perhaps and the

others. But always young, beautiful and faithful to me."

He lapsed into a coma shortly after. As the *Levant* was coursing the homeward streams he awoke once to say:

"Anne—Anne—now I can come to you with clean hands."

They were the last words he ever spoke.

He passed out shortly afterwards, quietly and peacefully and they buried him with military honors.

He never knew that a silent figure, waiting for him at the dock, had anticipated their meeting place.

WALTER F. EBERHARDT.

THE STORY OF THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the New York *Herald* of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

"NOLAN. Died, on board U. S. Corvette Levant, Lat. 2° 11″ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission-House in Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring, to the very stubble, all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the

deaths and marriages in the *Herald.* My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, 'The Man Without a Country.'" For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether he had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling his story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's Administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown,—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers, or pos-

sibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields,—who was in the Navy Department when he came home,—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a *Non mi ricordo,* determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now he is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be A Man Without a Country.

A William Fox Production. *The Man Without A Country*

AARON BURR AND HIS FOLLOWERS LEAVE FORT MASSAC.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flat-boat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed of the permission the great man had given him to write to

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him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and re-wrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses; and it was rumored that he had an army be-

hind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a cane-brake or a cottonwood tree, as he said,—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as "A Man Without a Country."

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great trea-

son-trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage, and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles,* a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough,—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "by command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped,—rightly for all I

know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had

grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation, where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore,

and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor, that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flat-boat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King

George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say,—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court. The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them,—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the North-

ern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a Government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of

this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men,—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid* some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

"Washington," (with the date, which must have been late in 1807.)

"Sir,—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again.

"The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank,

if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will re-

ceive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Resp'y yours,

"W. SOUTHARD, for the

"Sec'y of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in his mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "The Man Without a Country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his

presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return of politics or letters, of peace or of war,—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own state-room,—he always had

a state-room,—which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was, that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army-uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army-buttons, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the

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ONE OF THE FLATBOATS USED IN THE AARON BURR EXPEDITION.

navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine,* which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then) some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time, at the best, hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in

the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do

with. I remember it because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could

be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out the "Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank

something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said"—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on,—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well."

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on—

> "For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
> Despite these titles, power and pelf,
> The wretch, concentered all in self,"—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his state-room, "and by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him,—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally,—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been sug-

gested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons,—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home,—if, as I say, it was Shaw,—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt-junk, and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told

to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps,—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in

the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren,* or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's state-room for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had ad-

ventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dance went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn

in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddlers to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, " 'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he said, " 'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" " 'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to,—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell.—As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said, —so much so that it seemed quite natu-

ral for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say,—

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said,—

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillons or even in the pauses of waltzing; but

there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking-time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly,—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story,—years after,—

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him! "Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was.—He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the War. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways,—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I

cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority,—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him,—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men

feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck,—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot,—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders,—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward, by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,—

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is a part of the story where

all the legends agree: that the Commodore said,—

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarterdeck, he said,—

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said,—

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan

cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter,

you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter,—that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was then thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I

keep up my note-books, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in them my scrap-books." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his

notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours, respectively, of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house-fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera;* but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them, —why, Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine

hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the War, on my first voyage after I was appointed a mid-shipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the house of Virginia, had still

a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believed I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain,—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which

seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another

boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all around the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said,—

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernand Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these ras-

cals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish,"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would

be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead as he hushed the men down, and said,—

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die, if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doc-

tor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through his interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said,—

"Tell them yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home,

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NOLAN'S MOTHER PLEADS FOR HIM AT THE COURTMARTIAL.

and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless

that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward

made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there

was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato,* involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr,—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear, from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful; it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no

country,—that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would

happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it,—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American Station. We were lying in the La

Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore, and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit,—so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously:

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independ-

ence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be with him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his atten-

tion attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, master of the feast, had to say,—

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-

appointed punishment,—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now the dear old fellow is dead. He had found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant,* a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader

should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnaping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed upon this Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on

our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

"*Levant,* 2° 2″ S. @ 131° W.

"DEAR FRED,—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea that the end was so near. The doctor had

been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom,—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted

a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana,' as I supposed our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'Oh, Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America,—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one

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WHEN PHILIP NOLAN DAMNED HIS COUNTRY.

looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me,—tell me something,—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is

Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was where Fort Adams is,—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon;—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been per-

mitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake,* and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard,* and whether Burr ever tried again,—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war,—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java,* —asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plan-

tation,' said he; 'well that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century in that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him, —of emigration, and the means of it,— of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs,—of inventions and books and literature,—of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some In-

dian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about Smithsonian and the exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol,—and the statues for the pediment,—and Crawford's Liberty,—and Greenough's Washington: Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its

prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion! *

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our mani-

* This story was written in 1863.—Editor.

fold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us thy marvelous kindness,'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep.

I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper, at the place where he had marked the text,—

" 'They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written,—

" 'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory

at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:—

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY
IN MEMORY OF
PHILIP NOLAN,
LIEUTENANT
IN THE ARMY OF
THE UNITED STATES.

He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.' "

THE END

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